

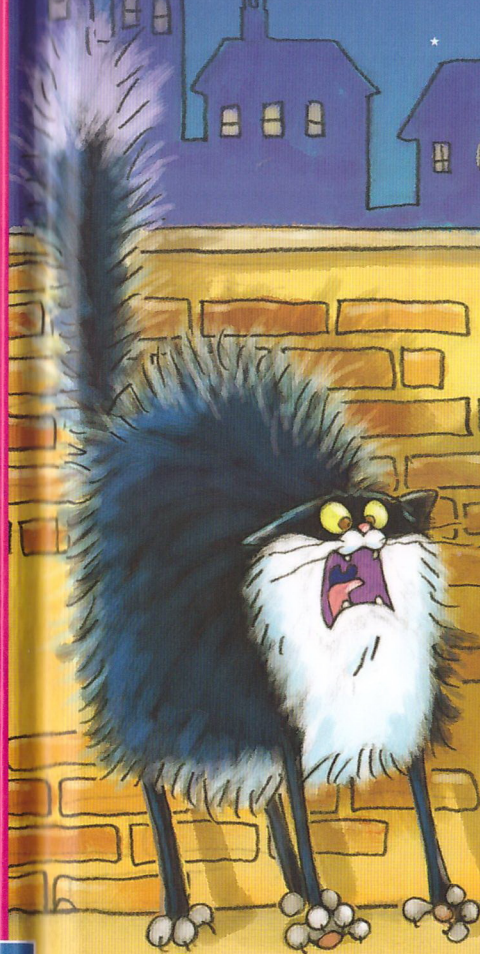
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# The SCAREDY Cat

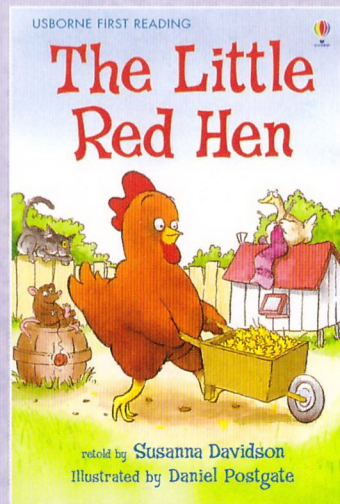
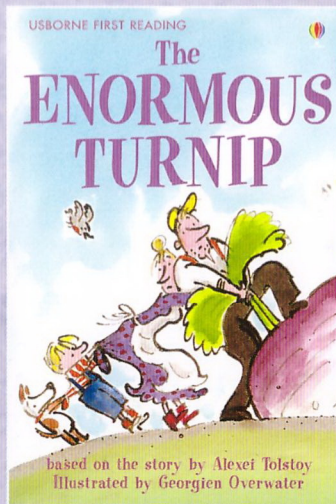
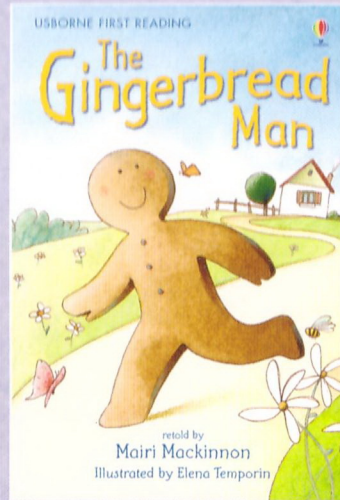
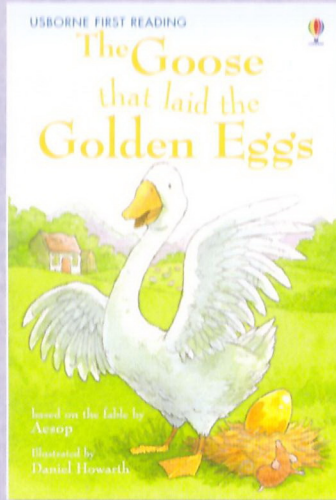
**Russell Punter**

Illustrated by  
**Gustavo Mazali**

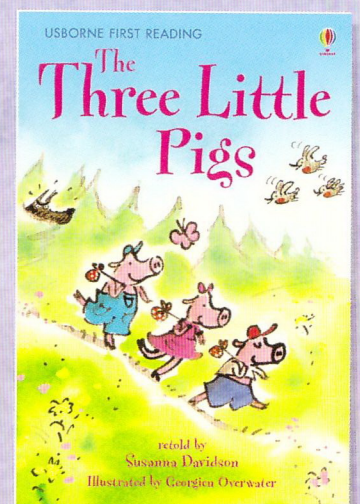
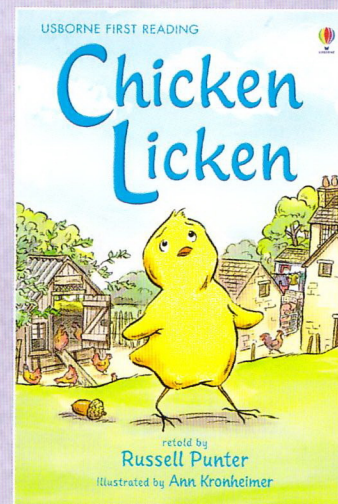
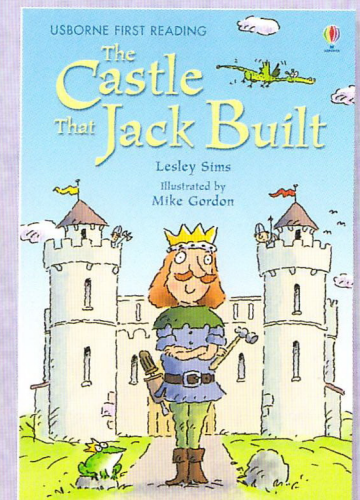
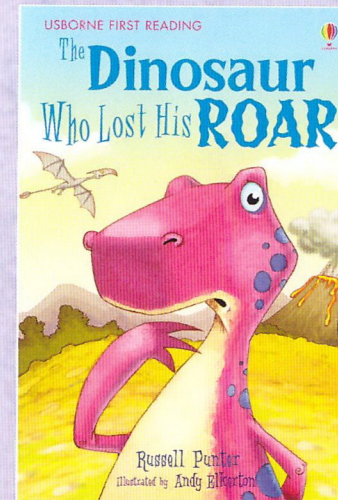




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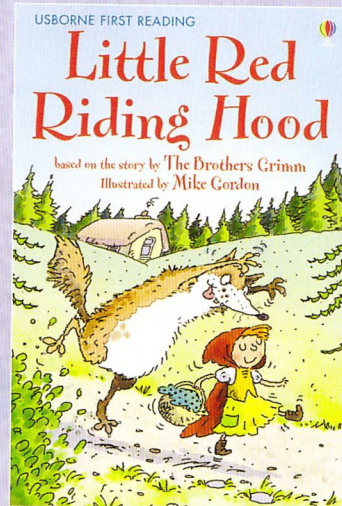
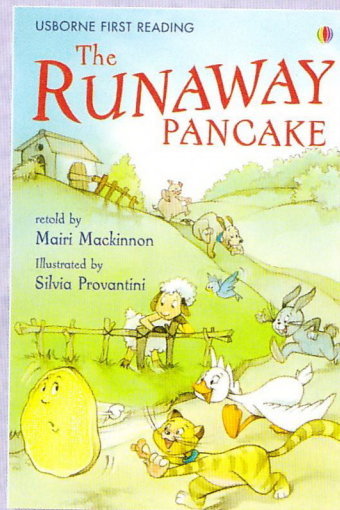
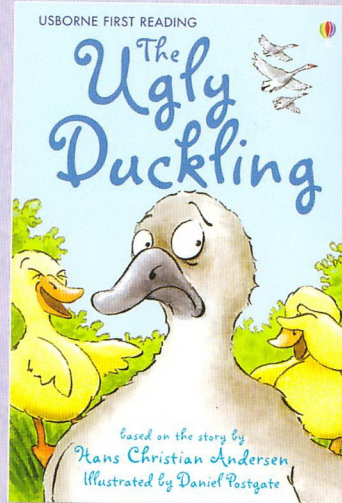
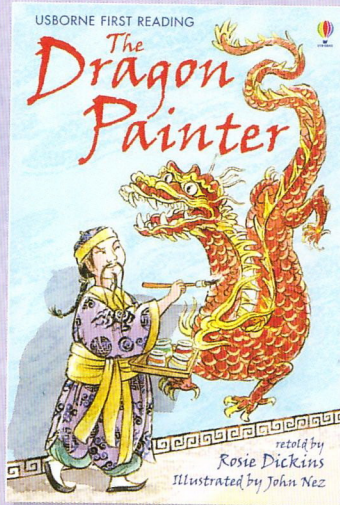


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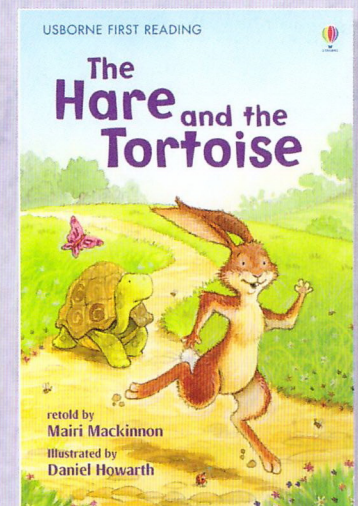
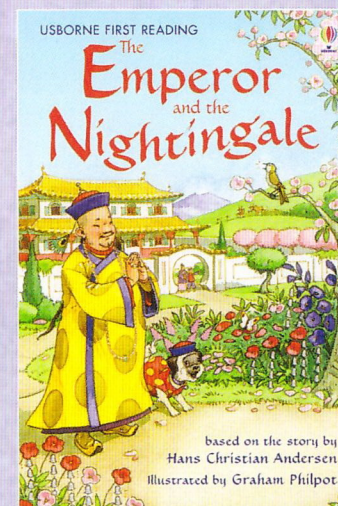
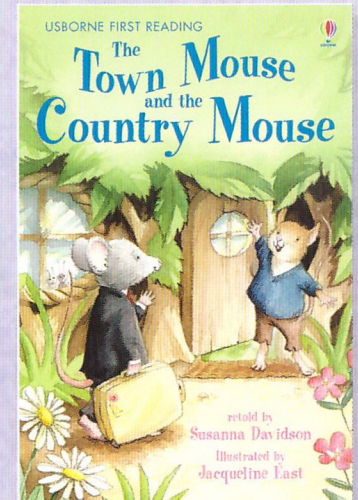
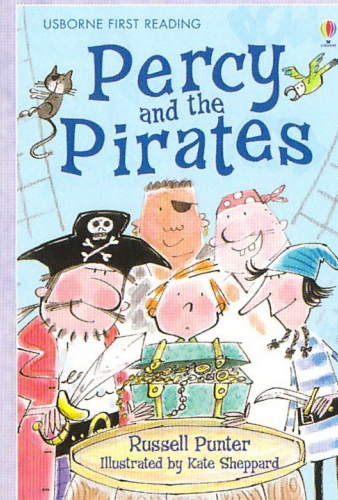




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# The SCAREDY Cat

Russell Punter



Illustrated by Gustavo Mazali

Reading Consultant: Alison Kelly  
Roehampton University



There was once a cat who  
lived in a big town.



His name was Stanley.

But everyone called him  
Scaredy Cat...



...because he was scared  
of everything.



He was scared of planes...



...and trains.





He was scared of boys...

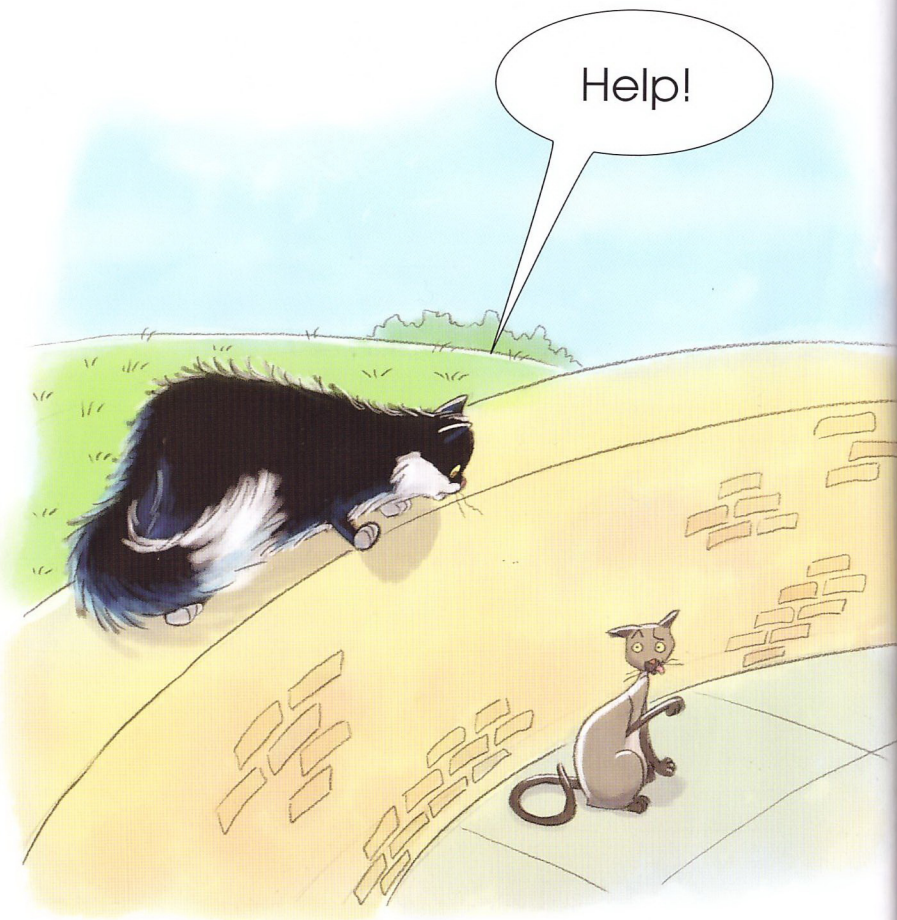


...and noise.





He was scared of heights...

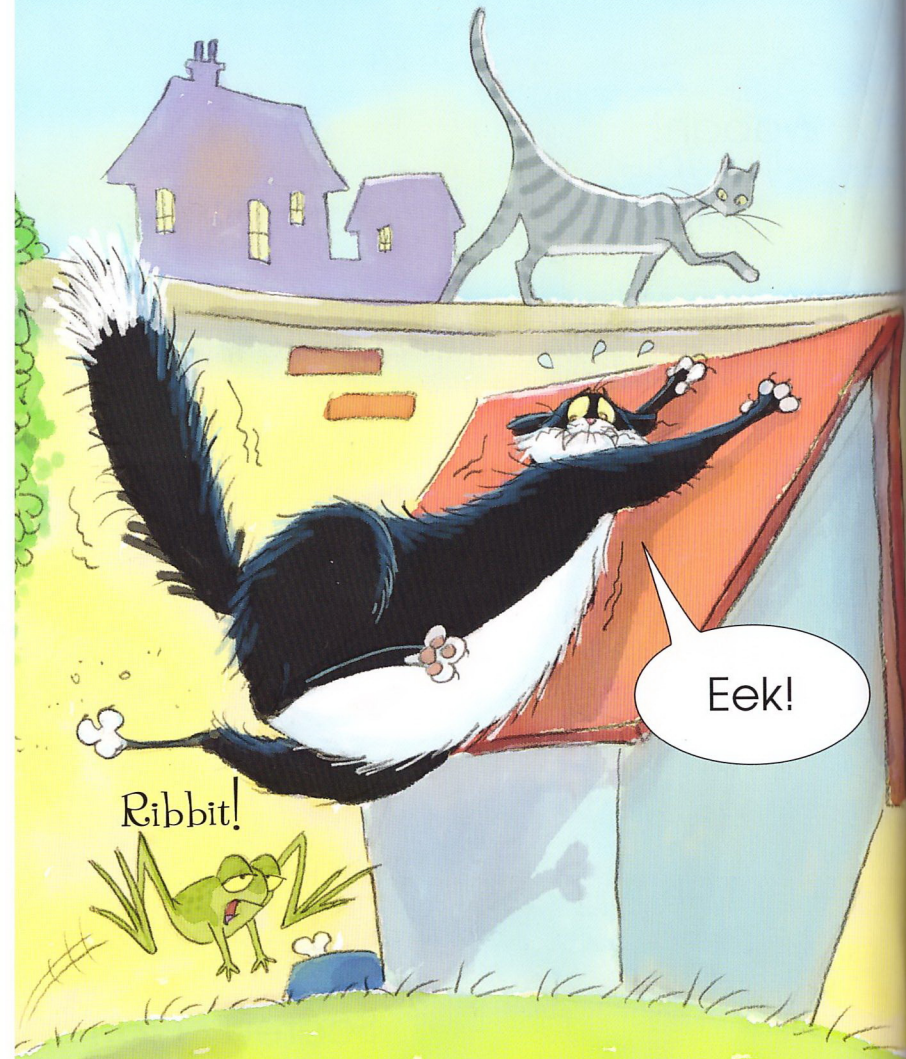


...and kites.





He was scared of frogs...



...and dogs.



Stanley was the biggest scaredy cat in town.



One night, Stanley went  
for a walk with his friends,  
Tabby and Snowy.



Something small and  
furry ran past. A mouse!

“Let’s chase it,” said Tabby.  
“Let’s not,” cried Stanley.



The mouse ran into  
a house.

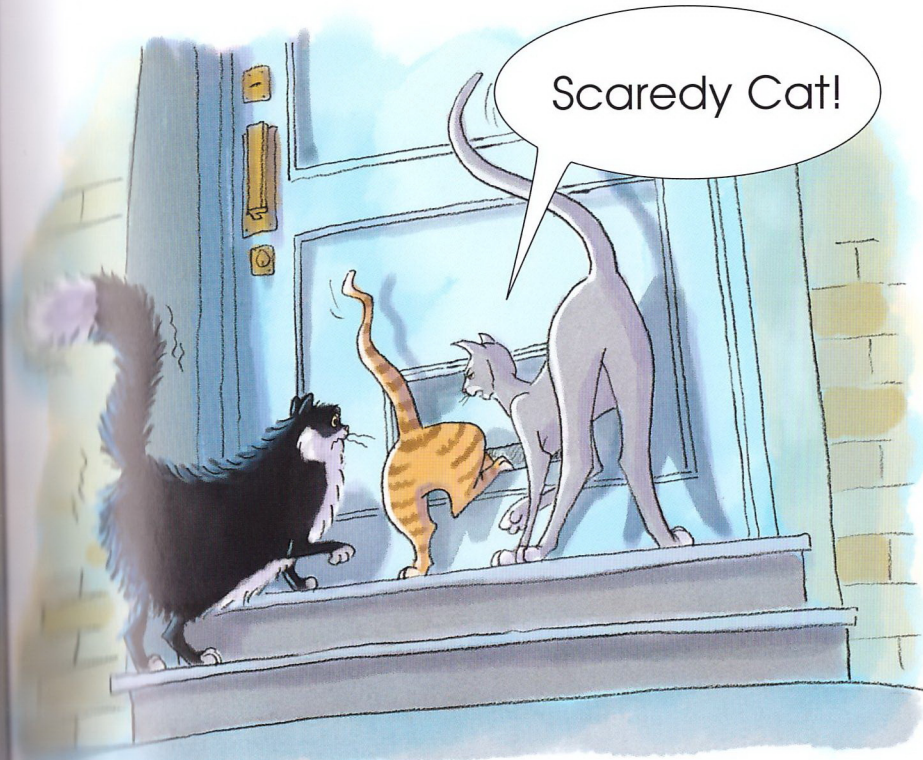


"It looks like no one is home," said Snowy.



"Here's a cat flap," said Tabby. "Let's go in."

"What if the house is haunted?" said Stanley. He shivered.



But he followed his friends inside.



“Now where’s that mouse?” said Tabby.



Suddenly, the mouse ran across the hall and down to the cellar.

“This way!” said Snowy.



Snowy and Tabby raced downstairs.



“It’s too dark down there,” said Stanley. “I’ll stay here.”



Now Stanley was all alone, he felt *really* scared.



“M...m...maybe I should have gone with them after all,” he thought.

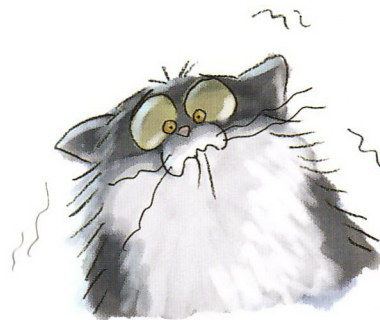


Just then, Stanley felt  
a bump. Something was  
in the lounge.



“W...w...what was that?”  
he wondered.

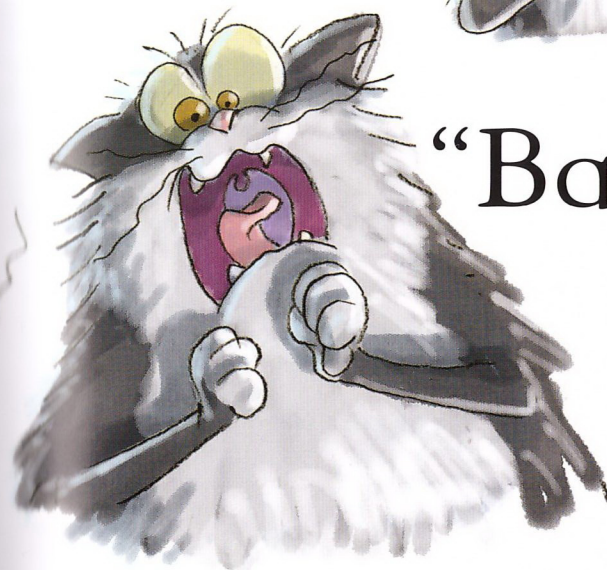
It went “Bang...”



“Bang!”



“Bang!”



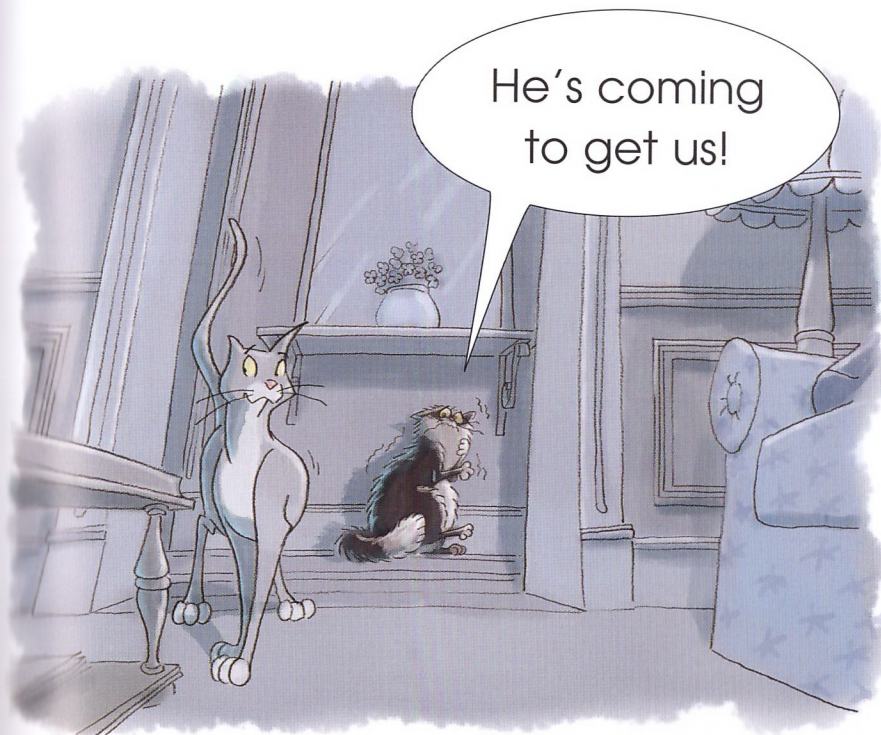




It's a giant!

"Come quickly, Snowy!" called Stanley. "There's a giant in the lounge."

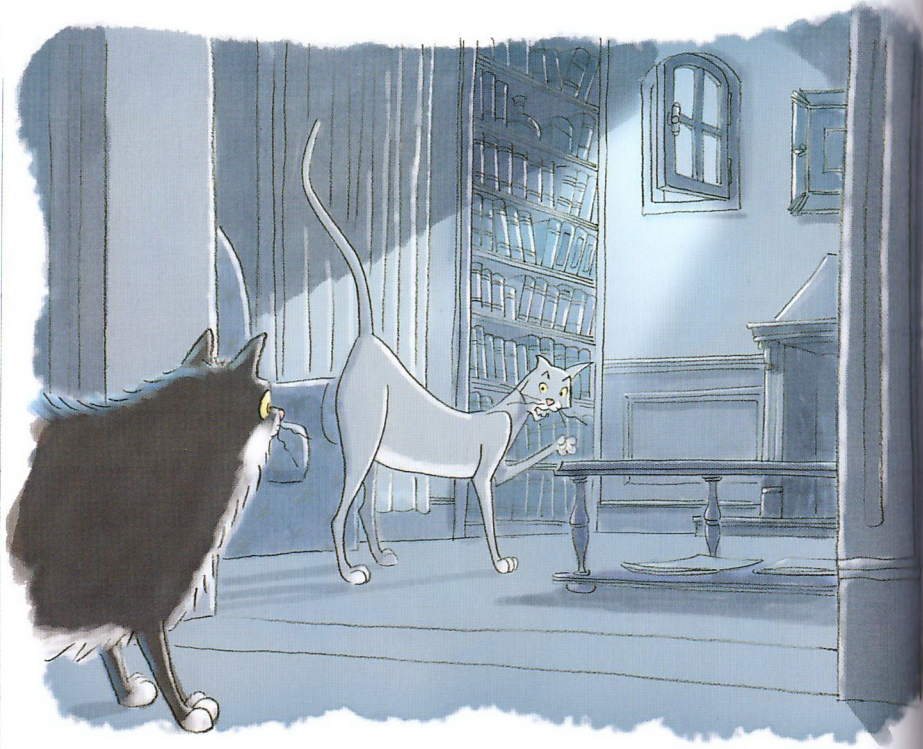
Snowy raced up the stairs. "A giant?" he cried. "Are you sure?"



Snowy crept into the lounge.

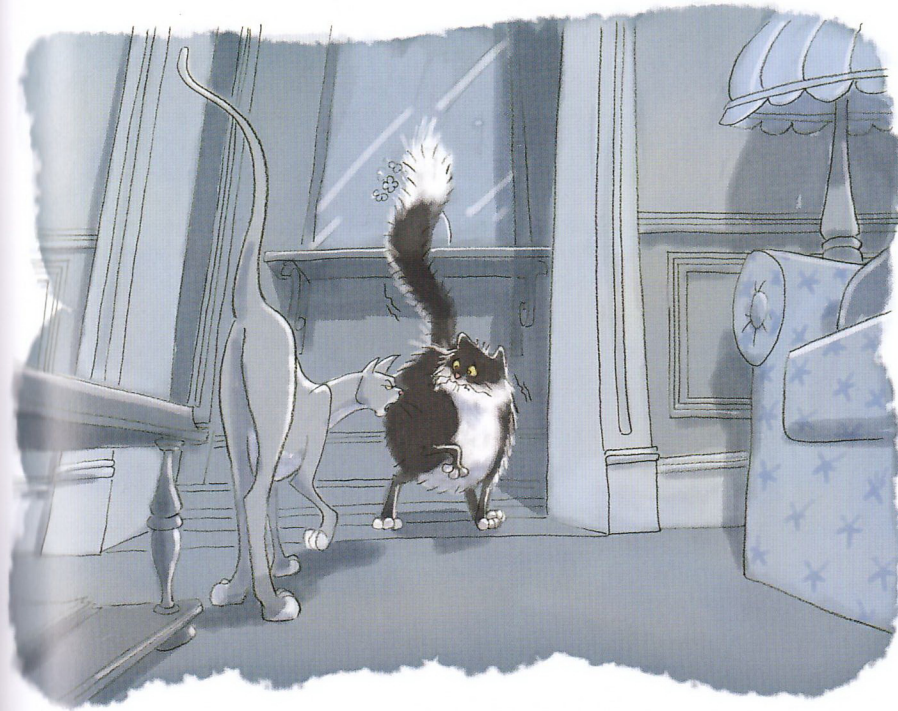


“It’s just a window banging,” Snowy said.



“Well, it *could* have been a giant,” said Stanley.

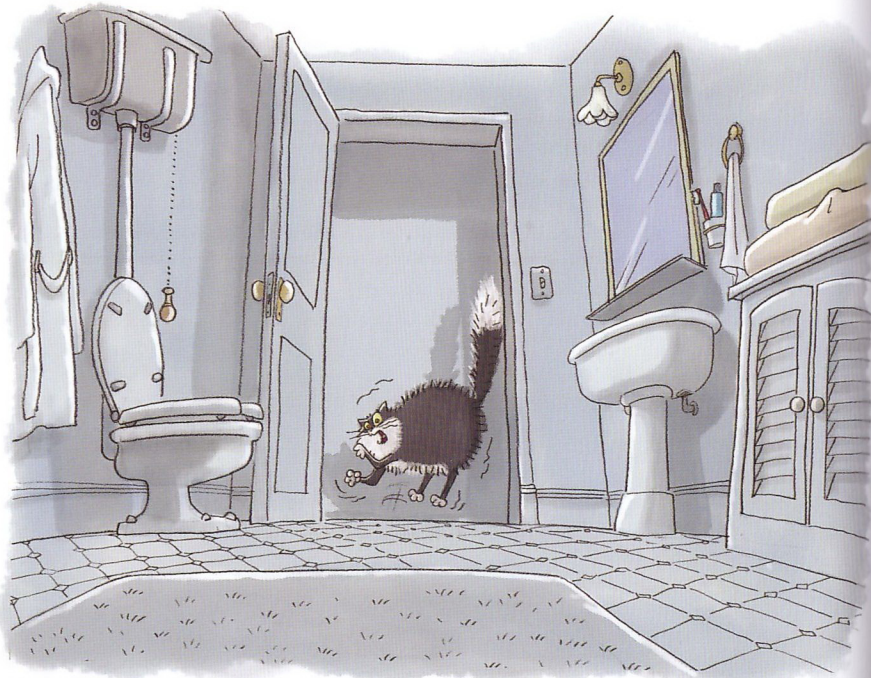
“You’re such a scaredy cat,” said Snowy. “I’ve got a mouse to catch.”



Snowy ran back downstairs.



Just then, Stanley heard  
a noise. Something was in  
the bathroom.



“W...w...what was that?”  
he wondered.

It went “Woo...”



“Wooo!”



“Woooo!”







"Come quickly, Tabby!" called Stanley. "There's a ghost in the bathroom."

Tabby raced upstairs.  
"A ghost?" he cried. "Are you sure?"

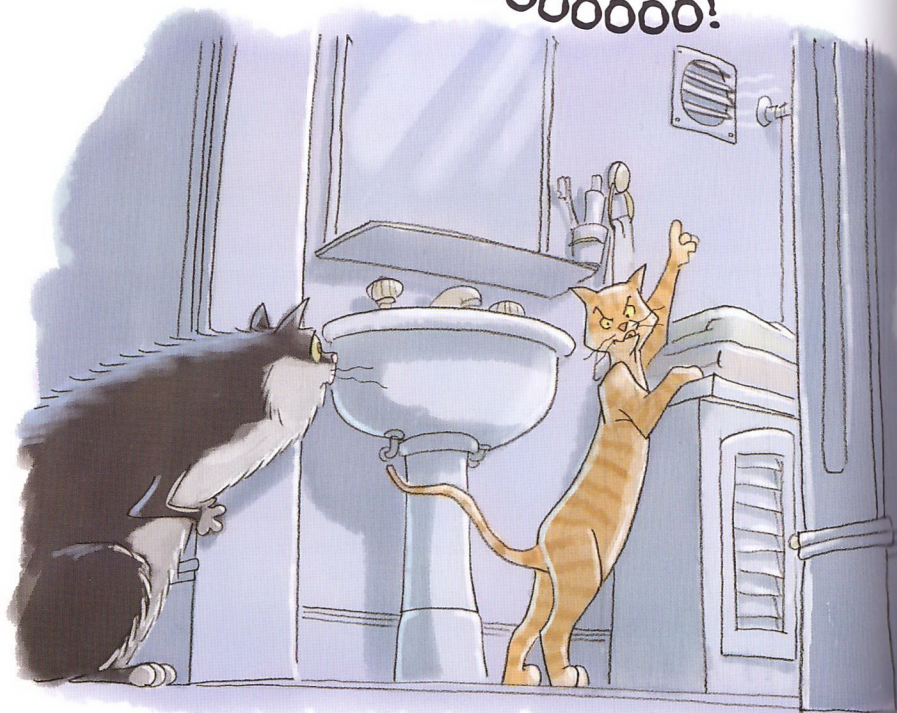


Tabby crept into the bathroom.



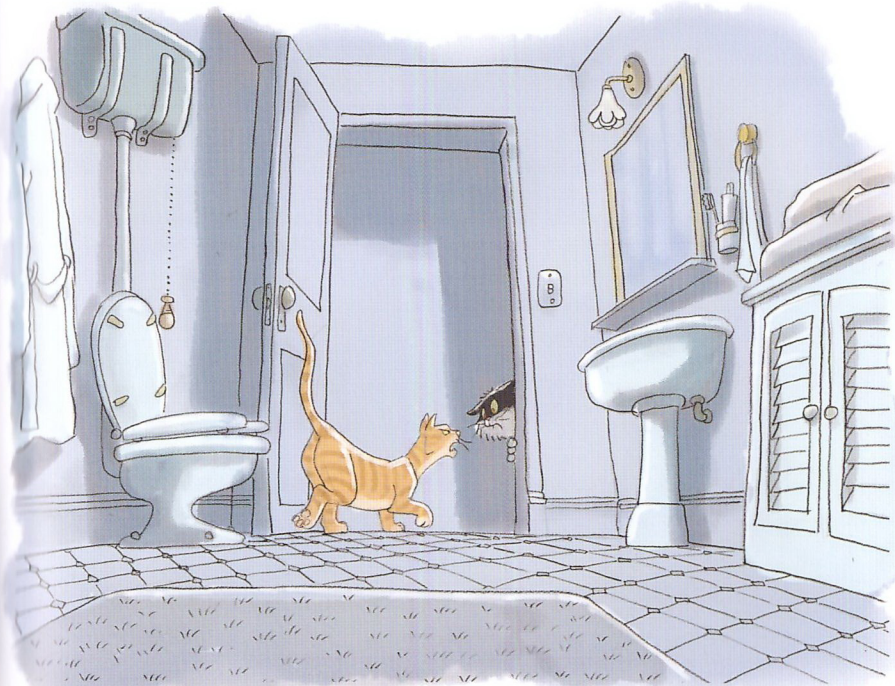
"It's only the wind,"  
Tabby said.

Wooooooooooooooooo!



"Well, it *might* have been a  
ghost," said Stanley.

"You're such a scaredy  
cat," said Tabby. "I've got  
a mouse to catch."



Tabby ran back  
downstairs.



Just then, Stanley saw a lump behind the curtains.



“W...w...what’s that?”  
he wondered.

It went “Grunt...”



“Grunt!”

“Grunt!”







It's a monster!

"Come quickly, Snowy!" yelled Stanley. "There's a monster in the lounge."

"I don't believe you," called out Snowy.



The monster came closer.



“Come quickly, Tabby!”  
yelled Stanley. “There  
really is a monster in the  
lounge.”

It's coming to  
get us!

“I don't believe you,”  
called out Tabby.


The monster came  
closer still.



It came closer... and  
closer... and closer.

Stanley tried to run. But  
he was frozen to the spot  
with fear.

Now it was right  
on top of Stanley.



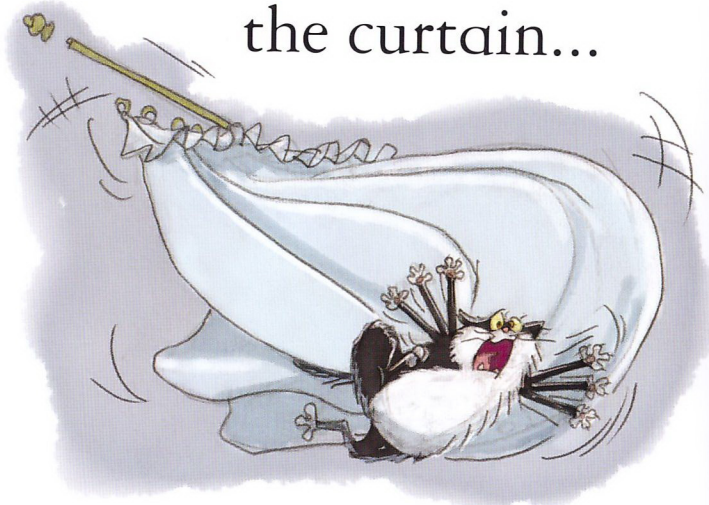
It's coming  
to get me!



The monster tripped  
over Stanley.



It got tangled in  
the curtain...



spun around and  
around...



and fell, with a  
**thud!** on the floor.





Snowy and Tabby  
came upstairs.

Hey, what  
happened?



The lady who lived in the  
house came home.

Hey, what  
happened?





A head came through  
the curtains.



But it wasn't a monster.

The lady stroked Stanley.  
"Looks like you just caught  
a burglar, kitty-cat."



For the first time in his  
life, Stanley felt brave.



The lady gave Stanley  
a special reward for  
catching the burglar.



You're a hero.

Well done,  
Stanley!

From then on, Stanley  
wasn't afraid of anything.





And no one called him a  
scaredy cat ever again.



Series editor:  
Lesley Sims



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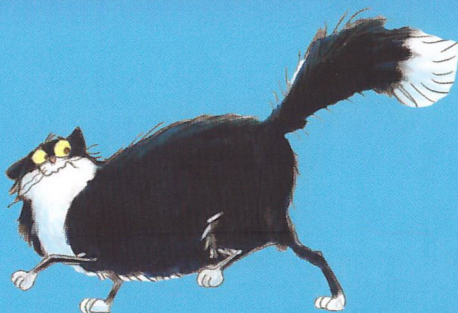


USBORNE FIRST READING: LEVEL THREE



# The SCAREDY Cat

Stanley is a cat who's scared of everything, so a dark house full of strange noises is the last place he wants to be. But Stanley must face his fears to save the day.



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